



OF WOMEN AND NEWSPAPERS

In no other particular does the woman of to-day differ more radically from the woman of the past than in the matter of what she reads. Slightly, even, she reads novels, in which the dark-browed hero did impossible deeds of daring, and the wan and anemic maiden faintly wept on every page, sufficed for the mental pabulum of our grandmothers. But this is not enough for her energetic, and progressive, and athletic descendants. The woman of to-day reads novels, too, but she reads other things as well—history, science, philosophy, whatever her taste dictates—and, above all, she reads the daily papers.

And let no man think she reads them solely for the fashion column or the society notes. It is true, she may take a first glance at the vital statistics to see if anyone she knows has been born, as Mr. Wilson says in the street show, but her reading does not stop with that. If a woman in the past had been up on politics; if she had had the latest war rumors, and had had her opinion about the winners of the athletic contests, she would have been looked upon askance, and very likely have gone through life suffering from the unjust aspersion of being stupid-minded. Now, if a woman doesn't take at least a snattering of the news of the day, and if she isn't able to discuss intelligently the subjects other people are talking about, we don't think she is interestingly feminine. We think she is downright stupid.

Just how much interest women take in newspapers is illustrated in a very amusing way by a club of up-to-date young women in an Indiana town. The club is organized under the name of the Marriageable Ladies' League, and is composed of the brightest, and prettiest

most desirable, and marriageable in the community. But they are not the kind of girls who are out on a stick for a husband, and who are praying the anxious old maid, "anybody, Lord, anybody." On the contrary, the Marriageable Ladies' League is fully aware that it takes a great

qualifications to make a man a desirable husband, and the chief of these is intelligence. Hence, at a meeting of the league last week, the following resolution was passed by a full vote:

"Be it resolved, That we the members of the Marriageable Ladies' League, do hereby agree not to marry any man who is not a patron of his home newspaper, for it is a strong evidence of his want of intelligence, and that he will be too stupid to provide for a family, or educate his children, or support institutions of learning in the community."

Now, isn't that level-headed, common sense for you? And don't those Indiana girls know what they are about? Was there ever as beautifully simple, yet as absolutely conclusive a test ever applied to the matrimonial problem before? They don't beat about the bush. They go right at it, and strip it of all the fine-spun fancies and idiotic sentimentalities, and they face the fact that the man who is dull, and ignorant, and unprogressive in his youth, is not going to be a Solomon in middle life, or a sage in his old age. It is the condition of matrimony, and not the theory on which they erect their platform, and on which they propose to elect their candidates. A man who does not read the newspapers! There you have a doll who gets taken in by confidence men, and who invests the family savings in gold brick swindles, and comes whining home to be comforted for his stupidity by his wife. He is a man to be avoided by every girl who does not feel she has a call to run an asylum for incurable imbeciles, and this is the kind of man the "Marriageable Ladies' League," in the words of Jimmy Fadden, propose to "run down!"

Then fancy the unutterable stupidity of having to spend your life with a man who never reads anything, and who never has a new idea. During the blissful days of courtship this view of the subject may escape your attention. No one in love ever had a new idea, or wanted one. It is a time when the wise and foolish meet on a common plane of intellectuality, but the most sentimental woman who ever lived must, now and then, have gleams of reason in which she would foresee a time when she would grow tired of being asked "whose ducky is 'ee?" and long for a dispassionate discussion of the Dingley bill, or the Cuban trocha, or some topic of current interest. As human nature is unfortunately constituted, we can not exist entirely on sweets without their palling on us, and here, as the sole and uninterrupted topic of conversation, shows wear about the edges after the first month of wedded life. What are Darby and Joan to do then, when they have settled down to prose instead of poetry, if they have

entertain you for twenty or thirty years at a stretch will need some sort of outside aid, and you can go farther and do worse for 'advice' than adopt the motto of the "Marriageable Ladies' League," and refuse to marry a man who does not read the papers. He's a chump, girls. If he lives a thousand years there will never be any streets named after him. He's the kind of a man who makes a bright, progressive woman very, very tired.

DOROTHY DIX.

Greatest of Hindoo Women.



Pundita Ramabal.

Pundita Ramabal is a remarkable Hindoo woman, who is working hard for the elevation of her native sisters in India. She has just taken up temperance work and was made national superintendent of native work at a recent convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of India, held in Poona.

Pundita Ramabal is recognized in her own country as the greatest Hindoo woman that has lived. She is the daughter of a Marathi priest and can trace her Brahmin ancestry 1000 years. Her father, having resolved, in defiance of the laws of custom and conventionality, to educate his wife, retired to a forest home to carry out his ideas without molestation. There, in 1858, Ramabal was born, and there, in entire seclusion, was educated by her parents. Orphaned before she was 16, she traveled several years with her brother, a noble young man, who sympathized with her in her determination to devote herself to the elevation of her countrywomen. The degree of Saraswati was conferred upon her by the University of Calcutta, she be-



NEVER.

Aunt Prue—Well, I would not care to have my friends see me in a costume like that.
Edith—Well, I don't believe they would care to.

nothing new to talk about? If Darby is too stingy to take a paper, and too stupid to read one, they are bound to quarrel. There's no other way in which they can amuse themselves, and save themselves from being bored to extinction.

As a conservator of the family peace the newspaper is invaluable. There are times in the best regulated house when the cook gets behindhand, and the coal is not forthcoming. There is no use in trying to explain the situation to a hungry man, and a wise woman never attempts it. On the contrary, she ignores the clock and presents her husband with his favorite paper, calling attention to some topic in which he is interested. In an instant the irate John is plunged into an article which bridges peaceably over that awful quarter of an hour before dinner. If he is disposed to be irritable he can vent his wrath on his pet abominations in the papers. It creates much less disturbance in the domestic atmosphere to abuse the slowness of the powers in interfering in behalf of Christian Greece than it does to abuse the slowness of the cook, and the senate is a safer subject of criticism than the housemaid, as many a man finds out by experience. There have been women so foolish as to fancy the newspaper a rival because busy John wanted to look over the headlines at breakfast. Rather, should every wife welcome the daily paper as her strongest ally. The man who finds entertainment, instruction, and pleasure in reading his paper of evenings by his own fireside in slippers ease, is the man who is the good husband, father, and citizen. It is the man who doesn't read the paper, and who has to go out at night to hear what the world is doing who comes home loaded with news and fear.

Then the callousness and lack of sympathy a man who never read the newspapers would show his wife in the matter of bargains. Every woman knows the delightful thrill of expectancy with which she reads in the Sunday advertisements that Clifton & Co. will sell for to-morrow only a sample line of skirt waists for 75 cents, and that on account of moving Calico & Jeans are offering their superb stock at less than cost prices. Fancy reading that aloud to a man who didn't take the paper, reading it out of one which you had been obliged to borrow from a neighbor. "Better stay at home," he would grunt; "you don't need to buy things because they are advertised as bargains. All humbug." On the contrary, the man who is a newspaper reader will sympathize with you. He knows how seductive an advertisement may be, and while you are trying to make out how much you could have saved on your new frock if you had waited and bought the waists on bargain Monday. In short language, he is figuring out how much he could have made if he had only backed the horse that won the Suburban. You are interested in the same things, you can talk about the same topics, and of such gossamer fibers are the unbreakable chains of love and sympathy forged.

There is a current aphorism which sets forth the advisability of making the most of life, on the ground that when we are dead, we are dead a very long time. Something very similar to this may be said of matrimony. When once we are married, we are extremely liable to be married a very long time, and have leisure to think of many desirable qualifications in a life partner. Hence the importance of choosing wisely and warily. Remember, among other things, that it is easier to forgive almost anything else than it is being bored. When love yawns it has gotten its death blow. The man who undertakes to

ing the first woman in the empire to be thus lodged.

Pundita Ramabal married a Bengalese gentleman, a lawyer, whom she freely chose—this being an instance almost without precedent. He died within two years, leaving her at 24 with an 8-month-old baby. She went to England, was made professor of Sanskrit in Cheltenham College, and in 1886 came to America to see her cousin graduate from the Woman's College of Philadelphia and to study our educational methods.

During her stay in America she lectured in several of the cities, and by this means raised money to open a school for child-widows in India.